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Agricultural.

MICHIGAN STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Annual Meeting of the Executive Committee—Summary of the Proceedings.

The annual meeting of the Executive Board of the State Agricultural Society opened in the parlors of the Michigan Exchange in this city on Monday evening last. There were present at the call: President Chamberlain, Messrs. Hanford, Lessiter, Sharp, Hyde, Reed, Burrington, Wood, Turner, J. P. Shoemaker, Angel, Howard, Young, Butterfield, Anderson, Phillips and the Secretary.

President Wm. M. Chamberlain called the meeting to order, and read his annual address. In it he took strong ground in favor of a permanent location for the annual fair of the Society and recommended that steps be taken to secure such legislation as may be necessary to enable the Society to locate permanently. Upon this subject he said:

"When this power is secured, which it is believed is of vital importance to the Society, the question will present itself squarely before us, how shall the Society secure the funds necessary to place it on a safe financial basis, and what policy shall it adopt to sustain its present position among the leading agricultural societies of the country, and to become the State Agricultural Society, recognized as such by the people of the State, and holding its proper place among the other agricultural societies of the State? Other societies have been organized and are being organized, and are doing so, having them in charge until they are not only strong competitors with each other, but strive to rival even the State Society. And during the past few years, when the State Fair has been held at any one of the places selected, a disposition has been shown by some to carry the idea that it was a local fair, held simply to benefit the place where located, rather than the people at large. The Society early adopted a liberal policy to its exhibitors, and has continued to pay liberal premiums, and furnish every facility necessary or possible to encourage agriculture and its kindred arts throughout the State. But this liberal policy and the expense of holding fairs from place to place have been too expensive, and we find our reserve fund nearly exhausted, with our annual expenditures in excess of the receipts. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, and other States, appreciating the value of their State agricultural societies, in the development and stimulation of agriculture, horticulture and manufacturing, have by State aid furnished the means to enable their societies to locate permanently on land suitable buildings for their great annual exhibitions. Michigan is not usually behind sister States in progress and enterprise, when her Legislature is called upon to aid in any worthy object, and if there is a State pride in our Agricultural College, as I am sure there is, I believe there would be a hearty response on the part of the Legislature to aid this Society in permanently locating its fairs, and providing the means to render certain a continuance of its present high rank among other State societies. I recommend that a committee be appointed at this meeting to consider the matter of securing State aid, and to take the necessary steps in that direction."

He then referred to the recent fair at Jackson, the fine exhibit in all departments, and the serious drawback experienced through the heavy rains.

Referring to some of the larger interests represented at the fair, he said:

"Michigan ranks fourth among the other States of the Union in the matters of sheep and wool growing, and only California and Ohio produce more pounds of wool. The number of sheep reported shorn in 1885 was 2,375,000, producing 14,560,000 pounds of wool. This wool at the average price of 22 cents a pound would bring the producer \$3,225,000. This Society has encouraged high breeding of the best grades of sheep, but has, in my opinion, failed to encourage the producer in preparing and tying up his wool in the best style to bring the highest price in market. I recommend that instead of the premium on samples of wool, that liberal premiums be offered for the best fleece of fine, medium and coarse wools, not less than two of each; and a special premium should be paid for the best style of preparation and tying up wool for the market."

I am satisfied that a great loss is incurred by the growers of wool because proper care is not taken in preparing it more neatly for the market. Improvement in this direction is needed and would pay well.

"I recommend that the dairy interests of the State be carefully considered, and that more encouragement be given to exhibitors in this department."

"The State Horticultural Society has held annual exhibitions with us for a number of years, much to the advantage of both societies, as I have supposed. Our society paid to the Horticultural Society two thousand dollars last year to aid in its exhibition with us. I thought the exhibit in that department could not be excelled in Michigan or elsewhere, and it certainly should not be excelled with this liberal use of funds by our Society, and the high standing which the Horticultural Society has in the State. Yet, I am told on good authority, that the exhibit in the horticultural department of the West Michigan Fair at Grand Rapids last fall, was superior both in point of execution and variety of exhibits to the display made in this department at our last fair. I call attention to this matter for your consideration."

He thought the forage department cost more than the Society could afford, and recommended some change in the system which would cut down expenses. The premium list would need revision, and his judgment was that it should be reduced wherever possible; and on this and other matters of expense he said:

"It is not safe, in my judgment, for the Society to assume a total expense for the coming year greater than sixteen thousand dollars."

"The Society has paid its secretary an annual salary of one thousand dollars, in addition to his hotel and traveling expenses, and the treasurer has been allowed a book-keeper at a salary of four hundred dollars a year. It seems to me that the salary of the secretary should be reduced to eight hundred dollars and the treasurer should not receive more than one hundred dollars for a book-keeper. It also strikes me that too much money is paid out for printing. I recommend a full consideration of these subjects at this meeting. I am also of the opinion that too much money was expended last year for exhibits in the art department. This should receive careful attention."

In conclusion, he thanked the officials who had been connected with him in the management of the Society the past year for their uniform courtesy and the efficient services which they had rendered.

Secretary J. C. Sterling read his annual report, of which the following summary contains the most important points:

Two hundred and eighty-six business orders, amounting to \$15,019.98, were drawn upon the reserve fund for the payment of accounts audited by the Business Committee. The detail of the general expenditures for which the above orders were issued has been classified and arranged under the proper heads, and will be reported by the Business Committee. A record of the same will also be found in the Secretary's register of accounts for the year, and the corresponding vouchers and orders are on file in the Secretary's office.

Four hundred and eighty-one checks, amounting to \$118,568.79, were issued for the payment of premiums awarded at the Thirty-eighth Annual Fair. A full and detailed statement of the same will be found in the accompanying schedule.

Three premiums awarded to horses in Classes 15 and 19 were protested. These premiums amounted to \$150.00, and upon final adjustment this sum will have to be added to the amount of premium checks already issued, making the total for premiums \$1,139.50.

The Horticultural Department, under the supervision of the State Horticultural Society, awarded premiums to the amount of \$800.00. Checks were drawn upon the Treasurer's fund for the payment of the same.

Chairman Hyde submitted the report of the Business Committee, giving a detailed statement of the expenditures of the Society for the past year.

Reports were received from the Executive Superintendents of the various departments, which were accepted, and the recommendations offered referred to the various committees.

On Tuesday morning Messrs. Ball, Baxter, Wells, Wood and Angel to report on matters relating to the State Horticultural Society; Messrs. Burrington, Reed and Anderson on Messrs' salaries, and Messrs. Turner, Webber and Cobb to take measures to secure State aid for the Society.

mittee be instructed to take into consideration the desirability of amending the rules for Division C, whereby American Merino Sheep, that may be recorded in the American Merino Register, shall be eligible to compete in the several classes of thoroughbred Merino Sheep.

Communications were read from J. S. McBride asking that a class be made for Duroc, or Jersey Red Swine. From W. M. Hilbert, that a class be made for Small Yorkshire Swine. From C. F. Mills, Secretary of the American Cyclopedia Association, offering two gold medals to be awarded to that breed at the Michigan State Fair of 1887. These were all referred to committee on Premium List.

The Committee on Premium List was then appointed as follows: Messrs. Wm. Ball, Geo. W. Phillips, Jas. M. Turner, W. J. Baxter, I. H. Butterfield, J. P. Shoemaker and C. W. Young.

Mr. Sharp read a communication from the Jackson County Agricultural Society offering the use of their grounds free to the State Society, upon which to hold their fair the coming year. Mr. Sharp then offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the annual fair of this Society for the year 1887 be and the same is hereby located at Jackson, on the Jackson County Fair Grounds, provided responsible parties at Jackson shall enter into contract with the Business Committee, guaranteeing to the Society all the rights, privileges and immunities agreed to be given to the Society for the fair of 1886, under the contract made by and between a committee of citizens of Jackson of the one part and this Society of the other part; and in addition providing for the continued ownership by the Society of its property of every kind put on said Jackson grounds outside of the provisions of said contract in 1886 and 1887, with the right to remove the same, and also that the roofs of the buildings and sheds on said fair grounds shall be put in good repair and condition, suitable for the purposes for which the several buildings are to be used, on or before August 1st, 1887, to the satisfaction and acceptance of the Business Committee, and in default thereof that the Business Committee put the same in such condition and repair, the cost of the same to be paid by said citizens' committee of Jackson.

Adopted by a unanimous vote, and the Secretary instructed to send a copy of the resolution to M. H. Ray, President of the Jackson Co. Agricultural Society.

A resolution was offered, and unanimously adopted, that it was the sense of the Society that as the health of Prof. Abbot, for so long a time President of the State Agricultural College, had failed, that the Society suggest to the State Board of Agriculture that he be given an indefinite leave of absence, with continuance of his salary, to enable him to recuperate his health. The Secretary was instructed to send a copy of the resolution to each member of the State Board of Agriculture.

The Committee appointed to take action on the death of the late F. V. Smith, reported a series of resolutions which were adopted, and a copy ordered sent to his family.

Mr. Cobb, as Chairman of the Transportation Committee, submitted a report, in which they thanked the railroad for courtesies shown exhibitors and visitors, especially the Michigan Central, Chicago & Grand Trunk, and the Flint & Pere Marquette, which had carried all exhibits free. They recommended that the Legislature be asked to pass a general law compelling all railroads within the State to grant these privileges in future. The report was adopted, and referred to the committee on legislation.

Treasurer Dean submitted his report, which showed the balance on hand a year ago to be \$9,888.81; the receipts from all sources to have been \$23,560.35; the expenditures, \$26,962.95; leaving a cash balance on hand of \$6,486.18.

On Wednesday morning President Chamberlain appointed three committees: Messrs. Wells, Wood and Angel to report on matters relating to the State Horticultural Society; Messrs. Burrington, Reed and Anderson on Messrs' salaries, and Messrs. Turner, Webber and Cobb to take measures to secure State aid for the Society.

The day was largely taken up in discussions over what proposition could be offered the State Horticultural Society to take charge of the horticultural department of the fair. Messrs. Garfield and Scott, on behalf of that Society, explained its position, the work it was engaged in, and the reasons why it was necessary for them to have a certain amount appropriated for their expenses and premiums. The committee finally made a report, which was adopted, recommending that \$800 in premiums be allowed the horticulturists at the next fair and \$600 for general expenses.

The secretary's salary, and the salary of a clerk for the treasurer, were finally fixed at \$1,000 and \$400 respectively, the same as in former years.

The President announced the following standing committees and superintendents: Business, Messrs. Hyde, Sharp and Wells; Transportation, Cobb, Turner and Ball; Printing, Sterling, Sharp and Dean; Programmes, Phillips, Butterfield and Hyde; Reception, Shoemaker, Humphrey and Parsons; Chief Marshal, A. O. Hyde; Police, W. H. Cobb; Gates, Wm. Ball; General Superintendent, H. O. Hanford.

The committee on Premium List submitted their report. It makes many changes, especially in the live stock department, and cuts down the list about one thousand dollars. It was discussed and adopted.

A rule was adopted specifying that all live stock exhibited should have been the property of the exhibitor three months before entered for exhibition. No one exhibitor shall be

permitted to make more than 15 entries in the stock department.

The President appointed Executive Superintendents for the ensuing year as follows: Cattle, I. H. Butterfield; Horses, G. W. Phillips; Sheep, D. W. Howard; Swine, John Lessiter; Poultry, J. Q. A. Burrington; Miscellaneous, Franklin Wells; Fine Arts, W. J. Baxter; Music, M. P. Anderson; Children's Department, M. P. Anderson; Needle Work, M. P. Anderson; Manufactures, Henry Fralick; Agricultural, Amos F. Wood; Machinery, John Gilbert; Farm Implements, Charles Young; Abel Angel, H. O. Hanford; Dairy, J. P. Shoemaker; Vehicles, F. L. Reed; Bees, F. H. Smith; Forage, E. W. Rising.

It was provided that in case the Jackson Association does not comply with the provisions locating the fair in that city this fall the locating committee is empowered to determine at what place the fair shall be held.

The dates for the next annual fair were fixed at Sept. 19, 20, 21, 22, and 23. It was also decided to prevent the sale of any intoxicating liquors on the grounds.

Thursday morning the last session of the Committee was held. It was decided to purchase self-registering turn-stiles for the gates at the fair grounds.

A resolution was adopted thanking Mr. Wm. Cobb for his faithful services as chairman of the Business Committee.

The Executive Committee having completed its business then adjourned.

THE GREAT CATTLE CONTEST.

From the days when Jacob fed the flocks of his father-in-law, Laban, down to the present, the cattle of the world through all ages, have contributed largely to the support of the human race. Considered in all the departments of usefulness, the beef as a universal article of food, the equally universal milk and butter, in the families of the million, and the still universal use of their hides in the production of leather, it must be conceded that the race of neat cattle stands at the head of all our domestic animals. And among all the various breeds, with all their excellent qualities it could not be reasonably expected that any one would excel its competitors in all points of usefulness. But taken all in all, for the past fifty years, on both sides the Atlantic, it cannot be denied that the Shorthorn has been crowned king of his species. Tracing the history of this stock back to its home in Northumberland, a study of Shorthorn history must convince the student that no other industry has ever engaged the attention of a larger number of noble minded, intelligent men than the breeding and improvement of Shorthorn cattle. Of course everybody has heard and read of the labors of the Colling Brothers, the Booths, and of Thomas Bates. But going away back further toward the fountain head, there were engaged in the business a constellation of the noblest men that England ever produced, whose names, except in the musty pages of history, are almost forgotten. Prominent among them were the Percys, the Smithsons, the Stevensons and the Spencers. It was not the plebeians alone, but men of royal blood and ample fortune, and even women of noble birth and high culture that were engaged in the pleasing, intelligent and humane occupation of breeding and improving this noble race of cattle. In our own country the attention that has been given them has been no less marked and prominent. It would be impossible to attempt to designate the men who have done and are still doing most in this noble work. Warfield and Renick and Potts and Moninger are but types of the host that have been and are still engaged in this noble occupation. In the vast amount of competition to which the Shorthorns have been subjected during their prolonged contest, it is the sharpest of all is doubtless to be found in our great American fat stock show at Chicago, and the Smithfield fat stock show of London. In all these contests, through a series of years the breed that has pushed the Shorthorn the closest has been Hereford, though of late a somewhat formidable competition has appeared upon the scene in the black polled cattle from the hills of Scotland. By a most singular and somewhat unexpected coincidence the championship of the Herefords at Chicago last fall has been duplicated by a similar victory of the white faces at the Smithfield show of London. We would not like to see the enterprising men who are engaged in the production of that breed, which possesses some conceded points of excellence, driven from the field of competition. And while the shout of victory rings out upon the clear air from the Hereford breeders of our own country and of England, the writer does not envy them their well earned honors. But let no one deem that in consequence of this one defeat the Shorthorn breeders have any thought of retiring from the field of contest. On the contrary, it is morally certain that the bull that is following after the battle, is being, and will be, improved to the best advantage, and this writer will be disappointed if next fall's experience does not reverse the decision. In this connection it is well for us to notice some circumstances connected with the recent contests. At Chicago the verdict in favor of the Hereford champion was only the opinion of two men out of four. Of the first three to whom the question was submitted, no two could center on the same animal, nor even the same breed. While

one would award the championship to a Shorthorn, a second favored the Hereford, while third favored a Polled Angus, and when this third judge declined to give a decision as between the Hereford and Shorthorn, a fourth judge was called in to perfect the Hereford verdict, which after all was, as we have shown, only the opinion of two against two. As to the Smithfield verdict a brief extract from the London Live Stock Journal will be of interest. The Journal says:

"After a prolonged examination the judges awarded the 250 cup to Mr. Platt's Hereford, making Mr. Cridland's Shorthorn as reserve. Next followed the decision of the 250 cup, for best heifer, and three choice representatives of their respective breeds were drawn up before the judges. In Mr. Colman's Shorthorn, Mr. Turner's Hereford * * * and Mr. Cowdrie's Aberdeen Angus. Ultimately the contest lay between the Shorthorn and the Polled, and an escutcheon of superior quality was preferred. The Hereford steer and Shorthorn heifer were then left to fight for the great trophy of the year—the 100 guinea champion plate—and, as had been expected, the steer, a very grand specimen of the breed, was declared the victor. Since the institution of the champion plate in 1869, the Herefords have never, until this year, succeeded in winning the chief prize. It was gained eleven times by Shorthorns, three by Aberdeen Angus cattle, once by a Devon, and twice by cross bred animals."

This is London authority—and now let us put the books—and see how the victories have been divided between the competing breeds for 18 consecutive years, since this great champion plate prize was first instituted in 1869. It was given to Shorthorns 11 times, to Aberdeen Angus three times, to cross-bred two times, to Devons one time, to Herefords one time; total 18. So we see that the Shorthorn at Smithfield stands eleven out of eighteen against the world. Was there ever in the past, or can there ever be in the future a nobler record, in favor of any breed of cattle?

Certainly it would be mean for our Shorthorn breeders to cherish any envious feeling toward the Herefords, because after a strife of eighteen years they have at last succeeded in placing themselves on a par with the Devons.

OLD GENEESE.

THE DAIRY BREEDS.

A Paper read at the Annual Meeting of the Michigan State Agricultural Society, at Lansing, December, 1886, by Prof. Samuel Johnson, of the Michigan Agricultural College.

The erroneous notion is sometimes entertained that our so-called dairy breeds, originally possessed the high development of milking quality for which they are now famous. To those familiar with the history of these breeds I need not say that soil, climate, food, management and above all skillful breeding and selection for a certain purpose, viz., the production of milk, has resulted in developing the breed we prize most highly for dairy purposes. The Ayrshire breed was hardly known at the beginning of the present century. Mr. Ayton described them in 1835 as a poor, white, shaggy breed, mostly black in color, with white in face, back and flanks—the cows yielding from 1½ to two gallons of milk per day at the height of the season, and weighing but 600 to 700 lbs. Some of the best breeders began to give attention to the improving of the carcass and attention was also called to the udder, which should be broad and square, stretching forward, neither low nor loose.

In 1839 a local writer lays great stress on the perfection of udder and cows are claimed to have given from 30 to 30 quarts per day. In 1845 great depth and breadth of body and development of the rear half of the body. In 1869 a capacious and well set udder is noted as the chief point of merit; although a straight back with a sweet head and branching horns are received with favor in the show yard. In 1871 a writer in the Farmer's Magazine, describing the Ayrshire cow, says the udder must be faultless. No beauty of form or regularity of other points will make up for deficiency in the form or size of the udder. If this is perfection other and minor points may be overlooked. These are some of the progressive steps in the improvement of the Ayrshire.

The Jersey cow, have been pure bred for more than a thousand years on the little island in the English channel that gives them name, for a special purpose, until they have become famous as butter producers. And the breed has gained or lost in the special characteristics that give it value, as those in charge have adhered to the one purpose of developing the ideal butter cow, or influenced by other considerations, have by unwise action lost or dissipated, in part, the results gained by long years of judicious breeding and management.

Again, the Holstein or Dutch Friesian, the breed to which you have pinned your faith and confidence, and that has become so popular in many parts of this country as a dairy breed par excellence, did not spring from the earth, with these characteristics of large and continued milking qualities. The conditions of climate and soil it is true were most favorable, but these had to be supplemented by the skill and wise selection of the sturdy Hollanders who, in his history of the Dutch Republic, styles "the pioneers of dairy husbandry." For generations, centuries, this work of selection had gone on until the breed had acquired the fixed character and hereditary quality which has given them praise and place among those engaged in dairy husbandry, so that Prof. Low almost a century ago wrote "The cows of Holland were the most celebrated in Europe for great flow of milk and the uses of the dairy." The system in Holland has been to improve the milking quality of the breed, and keep their pure by judicious selections from their own race; but in-and-in-breeding has been carefully avoided. The poorer animals have been culled out, and only those of decided milking qualities have been kept for breeders. The rich luxuriant pastures, most excellent, if equalled in the world, have left little need of grain or extra feed, and have served to develop a large, well formed

animal with a vigorous constitution, producing abundant milk.

The main or advanced Registry which your association (the Dutch Friesian) has adopted, is in my opinion calculated to do more to maintain and perpetuate the milking qualities of the breed, than any and all other action toward the same could have done. The rule reads: "No female shall enter the main or advanced Registry, previous to bearing a calf and making a milk record, which record shall be sworn to by both owner and milker. This record shall be of sufficient amount and length of time to satisfy the inspector and executive committee, that she is capable of making a milk record within a period of time not exceeding one year, of 6,000 lbs., if calving before 2½ years old; of 7,000 lbs. between 2½ and 3½ years; of 8,000 lbs. if calving between 3½ and 4½ years of age, and of 10,000 lbs. if calving after 4½ years of age; but no such animal shall be registered upon anything less than a full record, unless she is of the milk form, and has an udder and milk veins of superior development, and an escutcheon of superior quality and form. The milk record upon which such an animal is received, shall be published in the herd book as a part of the entry."

We see from the illustrations that the development of our milk cows has been the result of long continued and wisely directed effort to achieve a certain end. I know of no way to perpetuate and improve the milking quality of our dairy breeds except to pursue the same course, by a selection, breeding and management that has brought them to this present stage of perfection. We must believe and act and handle our cattle with the idea prominent that the dairy quality is of more importance for us, than a heavy coat of flesh or faultless form judged by a beef breed standard. We must remember that symmetry in a bull or a dairy breed means different things in form and points, than when applied to an animal of a beef breed, and that it is not wise to sacrifice excellence at the price of symmetry of form. We must have our own standard, a standard for our own breed, and breed to the line of our model and not waste our time and effort in going after strange goods.

We must be careful to select bulls of approved milking ancestry. That the bull is half the herd is as true in breeding dairy cattle as in beef breeds. Show bulls do not always get show stock by any means. Let the bull be measured by the quality of his ancestry and the quality of his get, rather than by straight lines, massive flesh and smooth points, as I fear is too often done. When a bull of approved breeding is secured, whose get is fully up to the best milk standard, value him highly enough to keep him and use him as long as he is of service. Don't change until you are compelled to. It may be exchanging a certain number of cows for a quantity. We can never tell how a bull will cross on a herd of cows or nick with individual animals until we see the produce. How often such changes result in a great crop of disappointment to the owner of the herd.

We are most of us conversant with the fact that it is much easier to breed a herd up to a fair standard, or to bring a breed to a high state of perfection, than to maintain the advance, or degree of development. How easily, by some unwise selection or coupling or mismanagement, we lose all that has been gained by years of judicious breeding. The descent to Ayrshire in cattle breeding is easy in everything else. It takes a long while to breed up to an approved standard. We can breed down in a hurry, have our stock so deteriorated as to have no place for the best type of the breed, although there may be no admixture of impure blood.

And so the task of the breeder is a very difficult one, requiring a keenness of discrimination, a right adaptation of means to secure the definite and desired end coupled with the perseverance of the saints.

It is worth pointing out in this connection that the ordinary judges at our fairs do not by any means always select the best animals for the premium awards. I incline to the opinion that this is more frequently the case in the judging of the dairy breeds. As an illustration, I notice in the report of the last show of the Michigan Agricultural Society that the best butter cows were not among the prize winners. Indeed, the great prize of the day, the Lord Mayor's cup, was given to a heifer whose return of butter for two days was 7½ ounces only; while another heifer which was only slightly commended gave three lbs. 10 oz. in the same period. And the best return of all, three lbs. 15½ oz., was only commended, i. e., placed in the third class. I presume that you gentlemen who are in the habit of exhibiting at our fairs have often had the ribbons tied on animals that you knew were inferior to other entries in your exhibit in the same class. I do not suppose that we shall ever succeed in entirely eliminating the chances of misjudgment even if the most wise and skilled are employed as judges. All we can hope for will be to reduce the errors to the minimum.

Would it not be well for every breeder of a dairy breed to keep a careful record of the milk yield of each cow in his herd, and frequently test its value for butter production? To be able to say to an intending purchaser, The dam of this calf which I offer for sale, gave 8,000 lbs. in '84, 9,000 lbs. in '85, and 10,000 lbs. of milk in '86, would add materially to the value of the offering in the minds of prospective purchasers. Yield of milk, period of lactation, and the quality of the product of each cow in the herd would not only be very instructive to the owner; but constituting in a pecuniary point of view, how few breeders know anything about these matters! The holding of dairy fairs, where dairy products as well as the best specimens of the dairy breeds are brought together, has been very helpful in bringing those breeds to the public attention. All that can be done wisely by your own and kindred associations in these directions will prove advantageous to you as breeders.

An Explanation.

Mr. W. J. Garlock, of Howell, sends the following explanation of the charge made by the Thoroughbred Stock Journal that the Shropshire was a "profligate" sheep. He does not argue that they are not "profligate," but that "profligate" is a good thing in this kind of sheep. He says:

"If it be 'profligate' to produce two lambs without a foster mother, each of which will outsell the produce from any other ewe at any given age, to produce a fleece that heads the market quotations, and a carcass that outsells the carcasses of any other sheep, then the Shropshire will have to answer the charge of 'profligate.' With a prudent man-

ner to husband the produce from this class of sheep they can be said to produce, not waste, but a 'profligate' hand. This, I believe, is the free interpretation of the word 'profligate' among Shropshires as applied to their breed of sheep at the present time."

Stock Notes.

N. A. CLAPP, of Wixom, reports the following sales of Shorthorns:

To L. C. Porridge, Wixom, heifer Rosa Belle by Oakland Rose of Sharon 4443 out of Bonnie Belle 3d by Gen. Washington 3521, tracing to Beauty by Old Splendor 24164.

To John E. Taylor, Greenville, Mich., the young bull Sharon's Lad by Sharon 4443 out of Sharon 4443 out of Giftie 5th by Plumwood Lad K. 24322, tracing to Stapleton Lass by Sallor (9592).

Mr. A. F. Wood, of Mason, has recently sold from his flock of Leicester sheep, a two year old ram to F. A. Stone, Fowler, Clinton Co., and a ram lamb to A. and W. Phillips, Mason. Also to Wm. S. Bates, Ionia, eight breeding ewes one year old and over, five ewe lambs, and two ram lambs. In the future we may expect to hear good reports from the mutton flocks of Ionia County.

Mr. Wood also sold eleven fat sheep for the Christmas market, there were an even lot and much admired. His flock is fully equal in value to what it was a year ago, and about the same in number.

D. M. UHL, of Ypsilanti, the veteran breeder of Shorthorns, has purchased to head his herd the bull Phyllis Duke 3d 57417, bred by Messrs. Wm. & A. C. Pherson, of Howell, Livingston Co., and sired by Waterloo Duke 34073, dam Boston's Bell, by Aldridge Duke 5306—Boston 4th, by Imp. Royal Richard 15415—Boston 3d, by Clarendon 2034—and running to Imp. Young Phyllis by Fairfax (1023). Mr. Uhl says he considers size an important point in a good Shorthorn, and he not only has this but also fine form substance and quality. His sire, Waterloo Duke, is one of the best bulls ever brought into the State. In Mr. Uhl's hands Phyllis Duke will not lose anything through lack of good care.

Mr. L. SPRAGUE, of Farmington, Oakland Co., reports the following sales from his flock of Merino sheep:

Nine ewes to O. Sample, Wixom.
One ram to A. Bowen, Wixom.
One ram to J. M. Springer, Plymouth.
One ram to P. Rich, Plymouth.
One ram to C. Button, Farmington.
One ram to C. Rogers, Farmington.
One ram to Mr. Sugdon, Farmington.
One ram to J. Grey, Southfield.
One ram to L. M. Brooks, Novi.
One ram to Wm. Yerkes, Northville.
One ram to F. Chapman, Northville.
One ram to O. Butler, Northville.
One ram to M. C. Moon, Waterford.
One ram to R. Gamble, Southfield.
One ram to J. Tubbs, Ovid.
One ram to Mr. Yerkes, Gaines.
One ram to J. Bender & L. Cramer, Bowling Green, Ohio.

MESSRS. C. HIBBARD & SON, of Bennington, Shawanese Co., report the sale of the Shorthorn bull calf, Fairy Boy 74710, by Wiley Oxford 3d 34111, and out of Fanny, Vol. 16, to G. W. Scholes, Ravensa, Mich. They also report the following sales of Berkshire from their herd since Oct. 1st:

To O. Eastman, Dexter, one boar pig.
To G. W. Turner, Grand Blanc, one boar pig.
To S. C. Goodyear, Swartz Creek, one boar pig.
To John Q. Adams, Saginaw City, pair pigs.
To Simon Howe, Holly, boar Souvenir Prince 15505.
To Wm. Cellan, East Saginaw, three pigs.
To T. E. Fairfield, Burton, one boar pig.
To C. A. Doane, Owosso, one pair pigs.
To Ed. Burns, Bennington, one boar pig.
To E. Swaine, Vernon, the yearling boar Royal Ben 16181.
To Thos. Casson, Chesaning, one sow pig.
To Geo. W. Scholes, Ravensa, Muskegon Co., one pair of Berkshire pigs.

Mr. C. M. PARTCH, of Armada, has sold to Rock Bailey, of Union, Ontario, twelve Merino ewes. These ewes were sired by Zack Chandler 345, G. S. Atwood (125) 337, and Young Zack, by Zack Chandler 345, out of a Hall ewe. These ewes formerly belonged to the flock of the Goyer Brothers, of Armada, and trace direct to the flock of A. D. Taylor, of Romeo, and are largely of Atwood blood. Mr. Bailey, for some years, has had a flock of Merinos on his farm, and is doing a good work in bringing to the notice of Canadian farmers the merits of this breed. His flock has been bred mostly from Macomb County stock, and the selections he has made this time are both well bred and of high individual excellence.

Mr. W. J. GARLOCK, of Howell, Livingston Co., reports the following recent sales of stock from his flock of thoroughbred Shropshires:

To Geo. W. Barnhouse, Fowlerville, one ram lamb.
To C. Gruler, Fowler, one ram lamb.
To Phil. Smith, Williamson, one ram lamb.
To E. Osburn, Jackson Co., Iowa, one shearing ewe.
To Germania Company, Marquette Co., Wis., one imported aged ewe.

THE annual meeting of the Central Michigan Agricultural Society will be held at Mead's Hall, Lansing, on Wednesday, January 26th, at 10 A. M. Officers for the ensuing year are to be elected, and the fairs to be held the coming year by the Society decided upon.

ter to husband the produce from this class of sheep they can be said to produce, not waste, but a 'profligate' hand. This, I believe, is the free interpretation of the word 'profligate' among Shropshires as applied to their breed of sheep at the present time."

Stock Notes.

N. A. CLAPP, of Wixom, reports the following sales of Shorthorns:

To L. C. Porridge, Wixom, heifer Rosa Belle by Oakland Rose of Sharon 4443 out of Bonnie Belle 3d by Gen. Washington 3521, tracing to Beauty by Old Splendor 24164.

To John E. Taylor, Greenville, Mich., the young bull Sharon's Lad by Sharon 4443 out of Sharon 4443 out of Giftie 5th by Plumwood Lad K. 24322, tracing to Stapleton Lass by Sallor (9592).

Mr. A. F. Wood, of Mason, has recently sold from his flock of Leicester sheep, a two year old ram to F. A. Stone, Fowler, Clinton Co., and a ram lamb to A. and W. Phillips, Mason. Also to Wm. S. Bates, Ionia, eight breeding ewes one year old and over, five ewe lambs, and two ram lambs. In the future we may expect to hear good reports from the mutton flocks of Ionia County.

Mr. Wood also sold eleven fat sheep for the Christmas market, there were an even lot and much admired. His flock is fully equal in value to what it was a year ago, and about the same in number.

D. M. UHL, of Ypsilanti, the veteran breeder of Shorthorns, has purchased to head his herd the bull Phyllis Duke 3d 57417, bred by Messrs. Wm. & A. C. Pherson, of Howell, Livingston Co., and sired by Waterloo Duke 34073, dam Boston's Bell, by Aldridge Duke 5306—Boston 4th, by Imp. Royal Richard 15415—Boston 3d, by Clarendon 2034—and running to Imp. Young Phyllis by Fairfax (1023). Mr. Uhl says he considers size an important point in a good Shorthorn, and he not only has this but also fine form substance and quality. His sire, Waterloo Duke, is one of the best bulls ever brought into the State. In Mr. Uhl's hands Phyllis Duke will not lose anything through lack of good care.

Mr. L. SPRAGUE, of Farmington, Oakland Co., reports the following sales from his flock of Merino sheep:

Nine ewes to O. Sample, Wixom.
One ram to A. Bowen, Wixom.
One ram to J. M. Springer, Plymouth.
One ram to P. Rich, Plymouth.
One ram to C. Button, Farmington.
One ram to C. Rogers, Farmington.
One ram to Mr. Sugdon, Farmington.
One ram to J. Grey, Southfield.
One ram to L. M. Brooks, Novi.
One ram to Wm. Yerkes, Northville.
One ram to F. Chapman, Northville.
One ram to O. Butler, Northville.
One ram to M. C. Moon, Waterford.
One ram to R. Gamble, Southfield.
One ram to J.

THIS PAPER is on file in Philadelphia at the Newspaper Advertising Agency of Messrs. **N. W. AYER & SON**, our authorized agents.

Poetry.

ENDURANCE.

How much the heart may bear, and yet no break!

How much the flesh may suffer and not die!
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.
Death chooses his own time; till that is won,
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel,
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life.

Yet to our sense the bitter pang reveals
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This, also can be borne.

We seek to flee from the approaching ill,
We seek some small escape—we weep and pray,
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still,
Not that the pain is of its sharpness borne,
But think it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life,
We hold it closer, dearer than our own,
And in its folds we find a life more true,
Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and alone;
But ah! we do not die with those we mourn,
This, also, can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things, famine
thirst,
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
All we and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body, but we cannot die,
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint and worn.

Lo! all things can be borne.
—Good Words.

LOVE'S SILENCE.

Sweet, shall I ask thee why thou art so still,
Gazing afar into the deeps of space,
With shadows of the twilight on thy face,
And eyes that quiver with dewy moisture still?
Why is thy laughter's mellow rippling still
Silent and dumb? What charm of perfect grace
Shall fall from those lips and find a place
To bid their accents on the dusk to thrill?

Why art thou voiceless, love? Ah, speak to me
With speech that ever into music grows,
She turns her eyes, that hold me in their thrall,
As dark and sweet as twilight upon the sea,
Saying, while one swift look upon me glows,
"Love is unutterable and is all."
—Longman's Magazine.

Miscellaneous.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Black hair, long enough and strong
enough for Carthaginian bow string, splendid
black hair falling all about her like a
veil of night!

I always did hate black hair, and I never
knew such coarse, rank, luxuriant hair of
any color that did not belong to a coarse
temperament.

This special black hair, whenever in all
my life since I have had any trouble, has swept
before my eyes as if it were the very cloud
in which the trouble shrouded itself. But al-
ways, to offset it, there rises also before my
eyes a face fine, strong and beautiful, the
look of whose dark, kind eyes is a benedic-
tion, my husband's face; and all my troubles
vanishes as mist does when the sun shines
on it.

I was only the housekeeper's daughter,
but the housekeeper had been a lady. Had
been a lady? My mother was a lady, high
caste and thorough-bred. But when my
father died he was launched in such enter-
prises that every thing went with him, and
old Mr. Ponsby, my father's friend, gave
him charge of his mansion and household
affairs. Some years later old Mr. Ponsby
had died, and young Mr. Ponsby, Mr.
Pierpont Ponsby, who had been with
his uncle but occasionally in my remem-
brance, reigned in his stead, and I was still
staying with my mother, recovering health
before taking the place engaged for me as
governess, where I should have been now
but for this illness, in whose long convales-
cence my mother felt I must be with her.
Scrupulous to the last degree of nicety, she
meant to retain me in this bachelor estab-
lishment, even while under her own care, no
longer than was necessary.

Perhaps I had my own ideas on the mat-
ter; a girl usually knows when any one is in
love with her. Yet I knew not that Pier-
pont Ponsby's wishes and ambitions were
wishes and ambitions that made it impor-
tant to marry or make a fortune and thus
increase his own. But could I fail to feel,
also, what a sudden flush meant, the ling-
ering glance and again the avoiding eye?
And I said to him in my thoughts, "You
are really despicable," and if my thoughts
had run otherwise, I would not have given
him a suspicion of it, but have held my head
high with the smiling indifference of a wo-
man sufficient to herself.

And yet life had been very sweet to me in
the September days of rich softness, when
the year paused full of richness; in the red
October days, wandering under the illumina-
tion of the woods, through their scarlet
and gold, and green gloms, and damp sun-
shine; in the chill November days, when
the wood fire was beckoning us home with
its fragrant blaze, where we could sit beside
the hearth and let the time go by without
speaking till startled by some sound out-
side our sphere of dreaming; pleasant; I
say, was life then (for all my knowledge
that it was idle temptation to impossibility)
than in these December days, when the
Asyrian had come down on the fold with
his cohorts all gleaming in purple and gold;
that is to say, a score of the rich Ponsby
cousins and their friends to pass the holi-
days, and among them Juliet, with her
black hair and her million dollars. And
from the day they came, he scarcely seemed
to see me and had hardly a word or a glance
for me.

It was not so, I thought, that Mr. Nevers
would have treated me. Somehow, pleas-
ant as the days were with Mr. Pierpont,
it was to Mr. Nevers that my thoughts
turned in my grievance. And among all
these people of fortune and of smooth path,
the other should have seen to it that I was
given honor; I, who had been his uncle's
care, who had closed his uncle's poor, tired
eyes at last; I, who was penniless and had
laborious ways to tread, perhaps my life
long.

Old Mr. Ponsby had meant to provide
some fixed income for my mother and my-
self; but he had died without a will, and if

his nephew had known of his intention, we
could not accept anything from him; and
now I was to leave what had been my home
of luxurious ease and go out into the world
and fight my way, and I found myself look-
ing forward eagerly to the day of my going,
for here and now I was fighting my way
more literally than I should ever be when at
my outside work. For while these ignored,
and those patronized, and a few ac-
crued friendly equality, this black-haired
Juliet, choosing me out as a special foe,
waged coarse and open war, and gave sting-
ing insults that it sometimes made me cry
in the night to remember.

I would not make my mother more un-
happy by complaint. I felt forsaken and
forlorn when I thought how impossible it
was to turn to Mr. Pierpont; and then al-
ways the glance of Mr. Nevers brought
peace, and it did not seem necessary even
to tell him of these trivial troubles, since
the very thought of him made them cease to
be troubles. But more than once I realized
now that in the sweet days of the late sum-
mer and early fall I had been drifting into
something that was a mere pleasantness of
the senses, and I thanked heaven that this
interruption had not come too late! If Juliet
could content Pierpont Ponsby, after
what he had known of better things, why,
let him be contented!

I never before knew any young girl that
so valued money, especially when already
possessing it, as this Juliet did, and that so
ridiculously and distressingly knew the worth
of it.

She came into my room one morning, on
some excuse, with her hair down; she had
a trick of letting it fall down when she wish-
ed a sensation; but she did not usually care
enough for me to think a sensation in my
behalf worth while. It was blowing about
her now like a cloud as she hurried along.

"What would you think if you had to
carry all this on your head," she said.
I hesitated to tell her that I disliked her
hair; but Olive Thayer, who was reading
French with me this morning, said she
should be delighted if she had to carry it.
"It's a great saving, anyway," said Juliet.
"I don't have to spend a hundred dollars a
year for new hair at the hairdresser's. I
don't see how people without either hair or
money get along. What do you do, Miss
Featherstonhaugh?"

"Oh, I do without, you see," I said,
laughing, for the fever had taken all the
yellow locks and left me with a shock of
short ringlets curling close to my head as a
fleece.

"Perfect Greek, those short curls are,"
said Olive. "I would be glad to have your
fever if it would leave such a head!"

"Have you had a fever, Miss Featherston-
haugh," asked Juliet. "Here? I should
think you would have gone to a hospital."
Of course I colored and made no reply.
"Why should she go to a hospital," asked
Amy Bellow impudently, "when this is her
mother's home?"

"Oh, everybody has her own ideas of prop-
riety," said Miss Juliet. "And some peo-
ple might consider a hospital the best place
if they had no home of their own. It must
be very odd, having no home of your own.
I wonder how it feels."

"Perhaps you may find out some day,"
I said, for I was having all I could endure.
"Money takes wings, you know," said
Verena Ponsby, laughing.

"Not when it's well taken care of," said
Juliet; "and mine is so settled that I defy
it to get away. If the wharf property gets
out, there is the gas property, the ware-
houses, the blocks of buildings, the railroad
stocks, the bank stocks, the government
bonds, some savings banks hoards, some
mortgages. The dividends come in so fast
that sometimes I don't know what to do
with them. But I keep them. Money is
power. Money is more than brains or titles.
If you have money, you can do anything.
It's the only aristocracy now. And mine is
always growing; for, you know, I never
spend half my income, and every year there
is the other half to reinvest."

"I should think it was wicked," I said,
almost before I thought, "if I had your in-
come, not to spend the whole of it, with all
the distress there is in the world."

"Dear me! How do you know what my
income is?"

"I have heard you mention it often
enough," said I, taking up my book, that she
might be gone, "to be quite familiar with
the figures."

She stared at me a moment with her great
coal-black eyes. "I don't suppose you know
enough to know what insolence is," she said
slowly then. "How should you, the house-
keeper's daughter?"

"Juliet!" cried Olive and Verena.
"For my part, I don't know why the
housekeeper's daughter is associating with
Mr. Pierpont Ponsby's guests, any-
way," continued Juliet.

"There is one of his guests," I cried,
"with whom she refuses to associate? And
you will leave her room immediately?"

"As I started toward her—I'm sure I don't
know why—she uttered a cry and shrank
away, and ran off, slamming the door be-
hind her."

"I didn't know but the little vixen was
really going to strike me," she was saying
that evening to Mr. Ponsby. "Why, I
actually screamed!"

"As if you had seen a mouse," he laugh-
ed.

How hurt and indignant I was! He could
walk, and talk, and sit and read with me all
that idle time before the house filled with
people; but now he could hardly see me; and
all his old pleasant intimacies had been so
holloa that he could laugh about me with
this creature and compare me to vermin!

When he turned and saw me sitting there,
with my head bent over the book of pictures,
I never raised it, although I felt sure by
those subtle senses that never betray you, that
he was gazing at me and waiting for a
responsive gaze. But when Mr. Nevers
came wheeling his chair along, I glanced up
and smiled and made room for him beside
me, although it took all my reserves to sum-
mon the smile; for Mr. Nevers had shown
me a kind consideration in these dark days,
and many days before, that touched my heart.

If I haven't told you about Mr. Nevers, it
is time I did. I had known him only a lit-
tle while in comparison to the length of
time I had known Mr. Pierpont, although
I had, perhaps, known him better, and he
was almost old enough to be my father, but

we were the best of friends. He lived in
one wing of his great house and seldom
visited anywhere but at Mr. Ponsby's.

Now and then he had the Psyche put in
commission and flitted away overseas to
no body knew what pleasures. Sometimes he
was heard of off the lagoons of Venice;
sometimes he was in a dahabiah floating up
the Nile; sometimes he was rocking on a
camel over the desert or exploring stone
temples in Idumaea; and then again he was
unexpectedly seen calmly rolling down his
lawn in his garden chair, as if he had never
been away. He had a wonderful degree of
strength, and perfect health. He was a
collector of all sorts of curios, bronzes, ar-
mors, old chinas, Rembrandt engravings
four inches square, worth more than a patine
of bright gold of that size, and such books
as made book-making seem an art as fine
as canoe-cutting.

With all that, he was one of the men who,
unknown to the world, are factors in affairs,
for, detesting publicity and politics for him-
self, he never entered their arena; senators,
and secretaries, and judges and their kind
constantly asked his advice, and hardly a
question of importance arose that the actors
on the great scene did not seek consultation
with him wherever he was to be found. He
had no near relatives, and seemed to stand
alone in the world. He had never married.
He had a fine face, and strong, and beau-
tiful; but I feel as if it were a profana-
tion and sacrilege to speak of it as though
it mattered) he was a dwarf, not quite five
feet tall, and with a crooked shoulder. No-
body was so delighted to look at when he
sat, and few people thought the pitifulness
of it so painful to look at as he when he
stood or walked, which, however, he seldom
did, usually wheeling himself with swift
skill and directness in his chair. And no-
body was ever more delightful than he when
he talked, with all his vast resources, his
wisdom, and his wit, his gentleness and
kind forbearance. When I listened to him
I used to wonder that no woman had ever
felt her heart moved enough by all that sin-
gular beauty and goodness and knowledge
to become his wife; and tears filled my eyes
so that I had to look away. And once I half
wished I had never seen Pierpont Ponsby,
in order that, if Mr. Nevers liked it so,
I might make him the happier. I had a
singular assurance, for all his silence there,
that he would like it so. And yet—and yet
—oh, I was very sure I did not, I never
could love Mr. Nevers!

"Why do you look at me so sadly?" he
asked once.

"I didn't know I did," I answered,
startled and ashamed.

"I suppose you are pitying me," he said.
"You must not. I need no pity. Few men
are happier than I."

"I—I—really—!"

"Oh, pray don't," he interrupted as I stam-
mered on. "I have embarrassed you more
than you have me. You are afraid, too, that
you have hurt my feelings. I got over all
that long ago. I regard my misfortune of
so little consequence beside my better reas-
ons for content. You are thinking it a
pity no woman will marry me. No, don't
deny it! I can read your mind, you see."

"And all his thoughts as fair within her eyes
As crystal currents of clear morning seas,"
he said.

"Well, I thought it was a pity
once, and it cost me some struggle to recon-
cile myself to the fact. But I have never
asked one. I never shall. If such an im-
possible miracle should happen as that a
good and lovely woman should wish, should
be willing to marry me, and think she could
find her happiness in it, I am not sure I
would allow it."

"Not if she loved you?"

"I should need very deep assurance of
that," he said smiling, with a light in his
brown eyes.

"Oh, but how could you?"

"He looked at me a moment."
"It may seem strange to you," he said,
"but I have never allowed myself to love a
woman. If I have found her beautiful or
charming, I have left her out of hand. Such
things, I fearly understood, were not for me."

"But—but I don't think you are right,"
I stammered again. "Suppose—it might
be a question of her happiness."

He laughed like a boy. "I am afraid that
would be impossible," he said.

"But if it were not," I persisted.

"What? I'm sure if I were able to de-
ceive myself into such a blessed hope, I—I
should give her some sign; I should tell her,
for instance, that my pride was too great to
ask any woman to take a deformed and
shrunken husband—that that if she—oh,
it's all too absurd to talk about!"

"You are absurd!" I said. "You will
tell her, if she loves you, what?"

"I'm sure I don't know. After the delu-
sion, what?"

"Tell her," said I, "that if she ever finds
life impossible to live without you, to give
you the sign. Tell her to take your hand
some day and slip from it that ring you
wear, the old stone—it isn't the thing for a
gentleman to wear anyway—and to put it
on her own."

"Very well," he said, laughing and turn-
ing his chair away. "That will do as well
as anything. You tell her, if you come
across her."

And still laughing, he wheeled his way
from the room.

As the days went by now, upon my word
I wondered at Mr. Ponsby. I knew him
so well that I knew what was agreeable
necessary, invaluable to him; and Juliet
had not one of these things in her posses-
sion. She had a bold, showy beauty of the
sort that he didn't prize, and she had qual-
ities, in her rudeness, her selfishness, her
temper, her assurance, that were offensive
to him.

But yet a million dollars. What that
would do for the old Ponsby place; and
that would do for the old Ponsby name; and
if he had political ambition, as he had,
that ambition whose qualification needs the
expenditure yearly of small fortunes, how
much that would do for the Ponsby car-
eer. It seemed to me that poverty and ob-
scure were a thousand times better than
such ignoble wealth and prominence, and
again I said to him in my thought, "You
are despicable." But it hurt me to say it,
for that.

I was playing some dance music later in
the evening, a little crazy tarantella, a quaint
gavotte of Bach, and trying to forget my-
self in that wild, sweet joy of others. He

came and leaned against the corner of the
mantel, gazing at me. I looked up half a
second. Such a strange, long, sad and
troubled gaze was his. I did not under-
stand it. Suddenly the music forsook my
fingers, and, pushing back the chair I fled
out of the room before I should lose all self-
control. My mother met me and drew me
into her sitting-room, and held my head on
her knee, stroking my hair, but saying
nothing till the clock struck 11.

"Now," she said at last, "It is time to
go to bed, or you will see the Ponsby
ghost. It always walks, in some shape or
other, the night before Christmas here."

"Then it isn't due till to-morrow night,"
said Mr. Pierpont, coming in, for the door
stood ajar. "We will all sit up and see it,
and you shall tell us the legend, Mrs. Feath-
erstonhaugh."

"I will tell you the legend now, Pier-
pont," said my mother. "It is only the ghost of an old
family falling of the Ponsbys that walks.
It is an exacting ghost. When they have
offered it the sacrifice of what they most
value, it will be laid."

"They," said Mr. Pierpont. "Who are
they?"

"You," said my mother.

"What a terrible thing to be a plural-
royal, editorial, and the gods on Caucasus,
all shrunk to one Ponsby man!"

"You will never seem a man to me,"
said my mother, "nor like the last of the
Ponsbys, and by no means like the head
of the house. You always seem like the
little boy whose jackets I mended, whose
broken fingers I bound up, whose headaches
I used to cure."

"And you are always the same lovely
mother Featherstonhaugh to me that you
were the first day that you came into the
house and ordered me (I was making my
annual visit then) a plate of bread and
butter and an ocean of jelly. And when you
took off the wraps and showed me your rose
leaf of a baby, I thought she was the sweet-
est miracle in nature. And—and—"

Suddenly he stood up and looked at me
where I sat on the hassock at my mother's
feet, putting my disheveled hair in order.

"And I think so now?"

"And he lets that Juliet talk so to a
miracle of nature," I cried indignantly.
"And he is going to marry her million and
let the miracle of nature go! Well, there is
one thing about it; the miracle of nature
has some self-respect left!"

"And my mother laughed.

"Why so excited?" said she. "You do
not love him. It is only a silly pride of
yours that is suffering mortification."

"And then off I went to bed myself, but
not for any great amount of sleep."

The wind was blowing with a rising gale,
bringing snow up the mountains; and as I
looked from the window in my restlessness
an hour or two later, my lamp being out,
I saw it driving by in great gusts of whiteness
across the Gulf of Gloom behind.

"Well, well," I said to myself. "A green
Yule makes a fat churchyard; and this is a
very white Yule. There won't be many
more people, but the mistletoe will hang in
the hall all the same."

I threw open the window to breathe the
freshness of the air; and at that moment,
I saw it. Light lay all around it on the
driving snow, light like a slanting beam
everywhere diffused upon the storm, and in
the midst of all the light and whiteness a
vast shadowy form, a man's form as plainly
as I ever saw anything, a Ponsby man's,
only mighty and gigantic, and to my excited
fancy terrible. What made it more terrible
was that I could see no face, only where a
face should be, perhaps a deeper shadow
more full of dark suggestions. Strange to
say, that beyond this first chill creeping of
the blood, it did not alarm me.

"It does not come as an enemy," I said.
"There is something familiar about it. But
if this is the Ponsby ghost, why does it
come to me?"

And I bent forward searchingly.
But what was this beside it? Another
shape, dark upon the whiteness of the storm,
a woman's shape, but again gigantic, and
round it blowing out a cloud of shadowy
hair, long, veiling, black as a Carthaginian's.
And the woman bent as if bending towards
me, and raised an arm—as if threatening
ly? And then, as if from a jewel on a long
extended hand, came a flash of light through
all that blindness, and the two shapes bent
together, and all at once the truth rushed
over me, and in spite of myself I laughed a
loud, clear, ringing laugh, and the two started
apart. There was confusion of moving
light and darkness where they had been,
and then all light ceased and only the great
white storm raved on.

So this was the end, then, of Pierpont's
doubts. He had solved the question. Well,
he had solved it for me, too; it was the end
of my doubts.

I lighted my lamp, and took out my pho-
tograph and placed it beside the drawing I
had made of Mr. Nevers. One was all dark,
slender, and sinuous grace; one was full of
life and fire, and power. One had proved
weak and unworthy, if not treacherous; one
was so strong that if he wished anyone's
love, he would not ask for it. And yet, un-
til very lately, I had thought I loved the one
and did not love the other. Ah! what if
those eyes that here gazed at me so kindly,
so tenderly, had ever looked otherwise!

What if they ever should! Always since
my first remembrance of them they had held
that gaze for me.

"If Pierpont Ponsby is despicable,"
I said, "so is a woman that does not know
her own heart. But I have found out mine,
and that without any bitter test as tests
might be!"

And all at once, as I sat there with my
elbows on the table, looking at that drawing,
I was wondering at myself, wondering what
I had done in the years that I had known
Mr. Nevers during his long absences and
the weeks and months when I had never
heard of him, and feeling with a sudden fire
and intensity that never could I endure such
absence and silence again and live. And he?
Oh, that made little odds. It was enough
for me to love, bliss enough, contentment
enough.

And yet I knew better. I knew now more
fully what it needed no words from him to
tell me. And I blew out my lamp and look-
ed again at the vast, white storm sweeping
as gladly as the blood swept in my veins,
and went to sleep full of a deep and un-

speaking joy, and only woke when day had
long dawned, and found the white storm
still raging on.

I had plenty to do in my room that day;
for I meant to be leaving the place presently
and meant that my mother should go where
I went, wherever that might be, and it was
twilight of the early Christmas eve when I
went down, and the servants were hanging
up the holly and the mistletoe that had been
brought in from the woods before the storm.
I always had a sort of pleasant superstition
about the mistletoe, for once an old, foreign
gypsy had said to me that all my fate and
fortune would turn on one moment under the
mistletoe, and this quaint leaf and waxen
berry of the Virginia woods might be as
powerful as the genuine sprays brought in
from over seas. I lingered now watching
them hang it as if I assisted at some reli-
gious or incanting rite.

A group of the guests were sitting about
the great hearth of the drawing-room, when
I went in at last, their faces rosy in the
blaze. Pierpont started to his feet and
took a step towards me, and then suddenly
re-seated himself by Juliet as before, and
Mr. Nevers, with his warm, welcome smile,
wheeled his chair aside to make room for me
near him.

"Did you know that Juliet heard it?"
cried Amy to me.

"Heard what?"

"Why, the ghost, you know, the Pons-
by ghost?"

"You don't say so! When—where—what
was it like?"

"I didn't say I saw it," said Juliet with
loftiness. "I heard it."

"Heard a ghost?" she cried snapsh-
ly. "And that's all there is about it."

"Oh, indeed?" and I was turning away
indifferently.

"Yes, indeed," she cried then. "And I
don't think you'd be exceedingly calm if you
had heard it. It was perfectly blood-
curdling! Oh! so sharp, so high, so shrill,
so piercing, so cruel and mocking, and vin-
dictive. Positively I never heard so fierce a
shriek of laughter; more like a yell of hate."

"Strange no one else heard it. Did you
hear anything of the sort, Mr. Ponsby?"

"Who? I?" he said with a start. "No,
nothing, nothing of the sort, with an odd
hesitation. 'Of that sort, at least.'"

"Then it wasn't the Ponsby ghost, I
suppose."

"Oh!" cried Olive, "Mr. Ponsby prom-
ised that your mother should tell us the
ghost story on Christmas eve."

"That story will be told on many a
Christmas eve yet," said I. "It is a ghost,
I fancy, that never will be laid."

"What do you mean?" said Mr. Pier-
pont, sharply.

"Why? Do you know about it?" said
Juliet.

"Oh, yes. And so does Mr. Ponsby."

"And why will it never be laid?" she
asked imperiously, as if she had a right to
know.

"Oh, because, according to the legend of
it, I suppose there never will be a Ponsby
willing to sacrifice the thing he loves best
for the thing he loves second best."

"I'm sure I don't know what you are
talking about!"

"It doesn't matter. But if he loves, for
instance, a woman best, he will not sacri-
fice her for any money, and if he loves
money best, he will not sacrifice that for the
ghost. By the way, I wonder if it was the
ghost I saw that night?"

"You saw a ghost?"

"I saw, looking from my window, at just
about midnight, pausing on the storm, ex-
actly as if treading a cloud of driving snow,
a shadow, a regular Ponsby shadow."

"You saw it? You really saw it

HER PICTURE.

He was an amateur artist, and she a model of beauty and worth; No other maiden to him could be One-half so sweet on this earth.

"Paint my picture? I wish you would; I really think you might Please me, for, of course, you could!" Her eyes were sparkling bright.

"Paint your picture, my little queen?" He took up his brush with a will; "Give me some yellow, some white and green, I'll quickly the order fill."

"Don't you be looking at me," he said, And smiled in her face so fair. "Wait till I've done!" He bent his head, And while, then raised it, "There!"

"Only a daisy!" she said in surprise. "Or else my vision's hazy," he said. "Daisy it is!" with laughing eyes— "Aren't you, too, a daisy?"

Burying Lawyers in Texas.

A lawyer was in the big city the other day, and while watching a large funeral wind slowly along to the hills he was accosted by a tall fellow, whose sun-burnt face was carved-boarded by the wide brim of a slouch hat.

"May I ask who the corpse was?"

"You may."

"Thank you. And who was he?"

"A lawyer."

"A—"

The stranger paused as if doubtful of his ears, looked at the law man earnestly, and asked in an eager, you-don't-say-so sort of voice:

"Did you say a lawyer?"

"Yes, sir; a lawyer."

"H'm; that's strange."

"I don't see anything strange about it," retorted the attorney, slightly nettled.

"Well," explained the other, suavely, "you see, we don't bury lawyers that way down in Texas, where I came from."

"No?"

"No. When a lawyer dies there we put him in the third story of a vacant building, you know."

He paused with aggravating calmness.

"Well?"

"And then we go up the next day, and the corpse is gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Gone where?"

"That's the mystery," replied the Texan, shrugging his shoulders; "nobody knows where."

"Why, that's the strangest thing I ever heard of!"

"Yes," said the mild Texan, "but that ain't the queerest thing about it, either."

"No?"

"No. There's a terrible smell of brimstone left in the room."

They parted with mutual dislike.

A Cold Snap.

The Champion Liar of the *Chicago Herald* goes back on his memory for the following narratives of the cold weather of 1836, which he experienced in the then "far west."

"In those days St. Louis was the great hog market for that section of country, and drovers used to take a heap of hogs to market at one time, having along two or three wagons loaded with corn for feed. On this day of the sudden freeze Andy was driving three or four hundred hogs to town, and had got down near Carlinville, Macoupin County, when the blizzard hit onto 'em. The men had to run off and leave their wagons, and the two of the horses were frozen to death in their tracks. The men managed to get into Carlinville, several of 'em, badly frozen. The people there took good care of 'em, and next day a party started out to look up the hogs. Well, sir, the sight that met their eyes was a queer one. They found them hogs all in a pile in a regular pyramid—and that pyramid was 'bout forty feet high. You don't believe it? Well, 'twas as true as gospel. Andy told me so himself, and he was a truthful man. You see, the hogs huddled together to keep warm. Those on the outside were cold and kept trying to get further in, while those on the inside was smothered in 'em; fight for fresh air, and not knowing how to get it. The result of all this was that the hogs in the middle was forced up by the pressure from the outside and under, and as more hogs got their noses in under the outer edge of the pyramid an kept rolling to the centre the porkers in the middle kept rising and rising till the topmost one was a full forty feet from the ground. Every hog in that drove was in that pyramid, every tangle one of 'em was frozen stiffer'n a poker. If there'd a been 5,000 hogs in that drove instead of three or four hundred we'd a had there the greatest curiosity the world ever saw—a pork pyramid higher'n the Washington monument. That would make a pretty good kind of a monument for Phil Armour, wouldn't it?"

"A neighbor of mine had a queer experience. He was butcherin' hogs that day, and at noon went to his dinner, leaving a good fire under the big kettle and the water boiling in it. When he went out after dinner the fire was still burning brightly, but there was two inches of ice on the top of the water in the kettle. They broke a hole through with a hatchet and my neighbor reached his hand down in there and got it scalded in the water near the bottom of the kettle."

"My own experience? Well, it wasn't much. I was near home when the north pole dropped down on my farm, and I got in the house all right. But I'll tell you what did happen to me. I was out haulin' manure when the wave came, and I had just remarked to my hired man, who was with me, that it was too warm to work with a coat on, and that I'd take mine off. A misty sort of a rain was fallin', and my coat was wet. Just as I pulled it from my back the blast of wind took hold of it—I was standin' on top of a wagon—and I swept it out of my hands. What, if you suppose happened then? Why, sir, before that coat struck the ground it froze stiff and went sailing over the ground like a cart-wheel, right strikin' on the collar an' then on the tails. I never saw that coat again, but I heard of one like it belin' picked up down in Southern Indiana."

Trouble in a Bottled Car.

A neatly-dressed young man was seated in a bottled car. He was a bank employee, and, holding only an inferior position as a clerk upon a small salary, he had had a good deal of experience at figures, and was rapid and accurate at mental arithmetic.

Then an old lady got in. Her countenance betokened a nature benevolent and kindly, but not acute or mathematical. Of course, she did not have the correct change. This was not because she was old or old-fashioned or benevolent, but merely because she was a woman. At last she found a ten-cent piece, and the young man, who was not only smart but polite, not being a teller at his bank, reached forward, touched his hat and took it.

The old lady thanked him, and waited for him to open the slide, poke the driver in the back and get a little envelope of change, in the orthodox bottled car way. Instead of that he calmly put the ten-cent piece in his pocket. Then he drew a five-cent piece from another pocket and put it into the box for the fare, and then produced still five cents more and returned it to the old lady.

But the old lady did not understand the transaction, and the rest of the passengers looked puzzled. A moment more and she burst out violently and demanded what right he had to take her money and put it in his pocket, and the rest of the passengers said, "That's so," and looked indignant. He tried to explain that the transaction was purely unselfish on his part; that by putting five cents into the box, returning five cents to the old lady and keeping her ten cents himself, everyone got what he was entitled to, and he did not make anything himself. But the old lady, who knew the bottled car system only by rote, could not get over the fact that her ten-cent piece was in the young man's pocket instead of the driver's box. Then an old gentleman with a big cane, chivalrously took the lady's part, and said that the least the young man could do was to return her ten-cent piece to the old lady and let her do what she pleased with it, and the rest of the passengers shouted, "That's fair," and commenced to get excited. The young man tried to make it plain that by this he would lose five cents himself, but with no success. Then the driver stopped the car, and finding out what was the cause of the disturbance, he dashed the young man's hat and threw him out into the street for stealing passengers' fares. And the rest of the passengers growled, "Good! served the sneak right!"

Tolstoi's Theory of Battles.

When the magazines are teeming with able articles, by able officers, showing just how and why battles in our war of the Rebellion were won or lost, many veteran soldiers of both armies are reading with profound interest in the Russian Count Tolstoi's "War and Peace," the grand expose of the humbug of the long-established historical style of describing battles. Tolstoi is mercilessly true. The *Boston Transcript* quotes him thus: He denies that battles can be fought on elaborate prearranged plans. He asserts that while miles separate the chief from subordinate generals they must fight according to emergencies, often in direct opposition to original orders; that the battle once hotly commenced, it is the men themselves, often a single regiment, that decide the fortunes of the day, that a mere chance, an accident, may do it; that staff officers often sneak when carrying orders into the thick of the fight, refuse to go under fire and return and report from hearsay and guesswork; that the quick fluctuations of a great battle prevent the distant chief from getting news and acting on it before there is a complete reversal of affairs—in fact, that a fight once on is merely a grand scrimmage decided largely by the staying qualities of the men who hold and use the guns—the rank and file. Granting that Tolstoi takes an extreme view, it yet remains there is a greater degree of truth in it than is palatable to those who write history. A chance incident may change grand plans and lead to great results.

A Remarkable Dog.

A solemn man in a Western city recently entered a restaurant followed by his dog, seated himself and called for a bill of fare. It was given him.

"What would you like to have, sir?" asked the waiter, flipping the table with his napkin.

The dog meanwhile had climbed upon a chair on the other side of the table, and was gravely regarding his master.

"Well," said the solemn man, reflectively, "gimme some o'-all soup."

"Gimme the same," said the dog.

The waiter's face assumed the color of cold boiled veal.

"Cup o' coffee and plenty of milk," went on the solemn man.

"Gimme the same," said the dog.

The waiter shuddered, and turning, fled for the kitchen.

A man with a squint at the adjoining table was much interested in the scene. He had observed it closely, and finally spoke to the solemn man.

"It must be a fearful lot o' work to teach that dog to talk, mister."

"It was," said the solemn man.

"I should think so," said the dog.

"What 'ud you take for him now?" said the man with a squint.

"Wouldn't sell him," said the solemn man.

"You'd better not," said the dog.

The man with a squint was much impressed. He began making wild offers, and when he reached two hundred dollars the solemn man relented.

"Well," said he, "I can't refuse that. I hate to part with him, but you can have him."

"He'll be sorry for it," said the dog.

The man with the squint drew a check for the amount, which he gave to the solemn man. The man was about leaving when the dog cried:

"Never mind, I'll get even. I'll never speak again."

He never did.

The gentleman with the squint was proprietor of a show.

Deceptive Art.

The old Greek legend of Zenxis and Parrhasius, the artist fooled by art itself, was re-enacted a few days ago in San Francisco.

On the south side of Clay st., over the Savings Bank, is a suite of rooms well adapted for artists' use. Some years ago they were occupied by Rodriguez and some fellow-painters, who covered the walls in their leisure hours with every device of the idle brush, making the helpless plaster bear the work of their wild fancies. Young Barkhaus, the promising young artist, who died

recently in Munich, was often there and contributed his quota to the designs. One day he amused himself by painting on the wall in one corner of the room near the baseboard, a hole in the plastering, as though some ill-natured fellow had vented his spite against the world by kicking a hole in the wall.

The picture was capably done; there was an ugly ragged hole in the plastering with huge gaping cracks radiating from the corners, here and there round the edges of the hole a bit of gray mortar, where the "hard finish" had sealed off, and in the middle of all the bare laths, with bits of plaster between them. Time wore on and Rodriguez left the room; another tenant came in and wanted the place cleaned up and put in order before occupation. Orders were given to repair the walls and kalsomine them. The artist of the kalsomine brush repaired tither with his men, armed with buckets of plaster to fill the numerous nail holes and scars in the walls. His attention was all once directed to the big hole near the baseboard, and he himself started to repair it. He knelt down before it, dipped his brush in water to wet the laths before putting on the new plaster, and laid it gently on the supposed board—and then for the first time realized that he was taken in. The artist in old had deceived his fellow of the kalsomine brush completely.

I will spare his blushes by not giving his name, for he owned up like a man and confessed he was "sold." It is needless to say the "hole" was not kalsomined but remains to take in some future plasterer.

A Great Sea on Fire.

The shores of the Caspian abound in naphtha springs extending for miles under the sea, the imprisoned gases of this volatile substance often escaping from fissures in its bed and bubbling up in large volumes to the surface. This circumstance has given rise to the practice of "setting the sea on fire," which is thus described by a modern traveler: "Hiring a steam barge we put out to sea, and, after a lengthy search, found a suitable spot. Our boat having moved round to windward, a sailor threw a bundle of burning faggots into the sea, when floods of light flared the surrounding darkness. No fireworks, no illuminations, are to be compared to the sight that presented itself to our gaze. It was as though the sea trembled convulsively amid thousands of shooting, dancing tongues of flame of prodigious size. Now they emerged from the water, now they disappeared. At one time they soared aloft and melted away; at another a gust of wind divided them into bright streaks of flame, the foaming, bubbling billows making music to the scene. In compliance with the wishes of some of the spectators our barge was steered toward the flames and passed through the midst of them, a somewhat dangerous experiment, as the barge was employed in the transport of naphtha and was pretty well saturated with the fluid. However, we escaped without accident and gazed for an hour longer on the unriveted spectacle of a sea on fire."—*Moscow Vedomosti*.

Washboards.

A reporter on the Cleveland, O., *Leader* had a talk with the traveling agent of one of the largest washboard factories in the United States the other day. Said he: "Millions of washboards are made and sold in the United States every year, and at least 7,200,000 are sold yearly between the Allegheny Mountains and Missouri River. There are two factories in Cleveland which turn out 300 hundred dozen washboards a day, one in Toledo which turns out over a million a year. There are at least twenty different varieties of washboards made in the west. The Eastern factories make their washboards of pine. The best wood for washboards is the cottonwood or sycamore. Pine is too soft, and white pine is too expensive. The best washboards are made with dovetailed heads with wire nails driven across the grain of the wood. You can buy the poorer class as low as 80 cents a dozen at wholesale, and the better boards cost as high as \$3.15 a dozen. Double washboards are those that have zinc ridges on both sides. The prices of these run from \$1.00 to \$3 per dozen. At retail washboards cost 25, 30, 35, 40 and 50 cents apiece. The first washboards were made of wood entirely, and our washer-women used to pound the dirt out of the clothes with a stick by laying them on a board. The first washboards made of zinc were put upon the market about twenty-five years ago, and the style first invented is found the best to-day."

A New Weapon for the French Army—What Is Gained by It.

For three years the French war authorities have been steadily planning and carefully considering a new weapon for the army, and now at last they have solved the great problem. Germany had set herself to the task long ago—France has had the benefit of her experiences and rejects her model. Two desiderata were always before the French inventor—to increase the range and to reduce the calibre. Repeating rifles were not on the whole in great favor. Experience showed that in battlefields, and especially young soldiers, had a tendency to fire too quickly. A little deliberation was advantageous, and reloading gave time for that. The calibre of the German rifle is eleven millimetres; the French have reduced theirs to eight, gaining considerably at the same time in the length of their range. The cartridges of a quite novel form, wide in the end where the powder is lodged but in the front narrowing considerably. The bullet is long and narrow, with a penetrating power pronounced officially by French surgeons as capable of giving "very correct wounds." This correctness shows itself from the clean perforation of bones instead of leaving them splintered or smashed. The diminution in the weight of the bullet enables the soldier to carry 120 cartridges instead of seventy-eight. The French seem bent on preserving peace, if there be any truth in the counsel, "Si vis pacem, bellum para."

The dead bodies of Joseph Perry, 73 years old, and Robert Price, aged 65, consins, were found in an old dwelling where they lived, in Philadelphia. They were misers, lived alone, and refused to permit neighbors to enter their premises. From the appearance of the bodies it is believed they had starved and frozen to death. Perry had a fortune of over \$150,000.

Enough of a Good Thing.—"Papa, just see my new dress," said a young society girl, as she presented herself attired for her first grand ball. "Isn't it too sweet for anything?"

Homage to Boston Beauty.

The occasion was that of a fashionable wedding in a fashionable church. The bride was the patrician daughter of a house that dates its proud name back, possibly to Charlemagne, or farther, and the bridegroom no whit less distinguished in ancestry. The solemn knot had been tied amid a throng of the haute noblesse of the city, all friends, relatives and acquaintances of the happy pair, who were admitted by card, and the procession took up the line of march to their carriages. As is usual on such occasions, the striped awning drew an eager crowd to catch a passing glimpse of the bride and her attendants, and such a goodly crowd had collected on this day that the muscular police had a hard time in keeping the curious ones at a respectful distance from the hidden wedding guests. Among those unbidden onlookers was one of those irrepressible New England maidens of Irish parentage, who are ever ready with their eager eyes and quick perception to take in every situation without losing any of the attendant details. As the last carriage drove up in front of the awning for its owner, the irrepressible, who was on one side of the opening in the awning, called across to a friend of the same age on the opposite side, that "that was the last of 'em."

"Have you seen 'em all, Mary Ann?" asked the friend.

"Yes, I have; I seen 'em all, and my ain't they homely? Come, let's go home," replied the irrepressible, without a ray of envy in her quick black eyes as she skipped merrily away. Blue blood! where is thy boast?—*Boston Post*.

VARIETIES.

MASTER STUART ROBSON CRANE, the five-year old son of the popular comedian, is evidently a precocious youth. At a matinee in St. Louis last week he was very much interested in the appearance of a fashionable dressed beau who lolled lazily into the theatre and meandered with a mincing goose-tread down the aisle of the parquet.

"Oh, mamma, look-see-quick! What's that?" eagerly asked Master Crane, poking violently at his mother and pointing the other chubby hand at the nobly striding Mrs. Crane answered: "What's that? Why, that's a dude, my dear."

"A dude! What's a dude, mamma? Who made a dude, mamma?" inquired the child, his big blue eyes wide open and his little mouth agape.

"Why, God, of course—God made the dude, Robby," said Mrs. Crane, quietly.

The little fellow remained silent a few moments, looking intently at the white at the dude. Then he turned to his mother and asked in a confidential tone: "Say, mamma, does God like to have fun sometimes, doesn't He?"

THE CAUSE OF THE WRINK.—"She missed stays and went on to the rocks," that is what the newspaper had in its note book after interviewing an old sailor in regard to the wreck of the sloop *Petrel*, by which several lives were lost. His knowledge of aquatic matters was not extensive. When he got back to the office he started to write an account of the disaster in this way: "The sloop *Petrel* was wrecked on the rocks off Devil's Head in the heavy blow on Thursday night. The immediate cause was the absence of stays. The weather was fair when the boat left port—fine weather for haying—and the bay was smooth enough to wash sheep in. Capt. Smith therefore thought he wouldn't need the stays. But the little vessel missed them when it began to blow, and she went on the rocks as above stated. The captain of the *Petrel* was guilty of gross negligence in going to sea without stays."

This hotel clerk was studying his guest through a small hand-mirror, when a chun said:

"One moment, Mr. please."

The clerk continued his investigation intently.

"One moment, sir, if you please," repeated the guest.

At last the clerk's absorbing occupation went on. Finally he turned slowly, and said:

"Well, sir, what do you want?"

"I want to buy the earth," said the guest, "if you don't ask too much money for it."

FIRST FARMER.—"You say you can't take \$40 for that cow?"

Second Farmer.—"Can't do it."

"But yesterday you told me you'd sell her for \$60."

"I know I did, but I'll have to back out."

"What's the matter?"

"You see that cow belongs to my wife, and she says she will sell herself into hys, teries if I sell her. It would break her heart."

"All right—it's no trade."

"I say."

"Well, what is it?"

"Make it \$15 and we'll let her sob."

A BRAID HINT.—While A— and Maggie B— had been courting for over two years, meeting regularly every Wednesday night in Hope Street, Glasgow, about a fortnight ago Willie, in parting with his beloved, made the usual remark: "I'll meet you in Hope Street next Wednesday night. Mind and be punctual." "Deed ay, Willie, lad," replied Meg, with a merry twinkle in her eye, "we have met a long time now in Hope Street, and I just wish that it was high time we were shifting our trysting place a street further along. What was ye say to Union Street?" Willie has taken the hint and the invitations are out.—*Scottish American*.

Printer's Devil.—Give me a ten-cent let-er-rip stamp.

Post Office Clerk.—A wot?

P. D.—A ten-cent let-er-rip, go-as-you-please, put-er-through stamp, a regular get-up-and-dest-er. Didn't ye never want to send a little quick? and P. D. inadvertently displayed a delicate white envelope.

P. O. C.—Oh, you want a fast stamp, do you?

P. D.—It'll be fast wen I git it on 'ere wheet.

How to Make Money.

No matter in what part you are located, you should write to Hallist & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive, free, information about work you can do and live at home, at a profit of from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. All new Capital not needed; Hallist & Co. will start you. Better sex; all ages. Those who commence at once will make sure of snug little fortunes. Write and see for yourselves.

John Grigsby, while skating on the Ohio River, was left on a cake of ice which broke away from the shore, and carried 25 miles down the stream. His father mounted a horse and followed him 23 miles down the river, until they came to a point near Louisville, where he could be rescued.

26,587,335 BOTTLES OF Warner's "SAFE" Cure.

SOLD TO DECEMBER 27, 1886.

No Other Remedy in the World Can Produce Such a Record.

This wonderful success of "Warner's SAFE Cure" is due wholly to the real merit of the Remedy. For a long time it has been REGARDED BY THE HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES AS THE ONLY SPECIFIC FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND URINARY DISEASES AND FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

Thousands of people owe their life and health to "Warner's SAFE Cure" and we can produce 100,000 TESTIMONIALS to that effect.

Read the following and note the large number of bottles distributed. We guarantee these figures to be correct, as our sales-books will prove.

Boston, - 1,149,122 Pennsylvania, - 1,821,218

GEO. F. RIDGEWAY (98 Marston St., Cleveland, O.) was taken with pain in the neighborhood of the stomach, followed by great difficulty with urinary organs; intense pain at the top of the head, producing temporary blindness and unconsciousness. He was for two weeks in bed in a semi-paralyzed condition. His doctors said it was caused by deranged stomach. One day in the street began to stagger and became totally blind again. These attacks succeeded each other frequently. He concluded that he was suffering from acute poisoning, but after using a dozen bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure says, "have never had a day's trouble since and have fully recovered my health," and that was three years ago.

Providence, - 171,929

FRED. MEHMERT (Grocer, 381 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.), three years ago was nervous; had no appetite; was run down generally. Got only temporary relief from his doctors, but a few bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure entirely drove out his pains and sickness.

Portland, Me., - 441,105

F. G. BAILEY (30 South 9th St., Columbus, O.), five years ago was seized with vertigo. Was very nervous, had bladder disorder and kidney trouble, and bleeding piles. Four years ago he took eight bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure, and Warner's SAFE Pills, and he says, "I have not had a pain or ache since."

Bal. of New Eng., 441,753

C. W. FROMM (Cleveland, O.): for twelve years was troubled with distressing headaches and deranged liver. Nothing but morphine injected under the skin would quiet his pain. He used a dozen bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure, and SAFE Pills, three years ago and has never had any return of his symptoms.

New York State, 3,870,773 Bal. N.W. Stat's, 1,767,149

ASK YOUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS ABOUT

WARNER'S SAFE CURE.

The Most Popular Remedy Ever Discovered.

Cleveland, - 682,632 St. Louis, - 1,530,527

W. H. RICHARDS (183 Elm St., Toledo, O.), in 1881 was completely run down with liver trouble; had no appetite; lost flesh; feet cold; did not sleep; was troubled with drowsiness. After using a dozen bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure, he says he "was wonderfully improved, and all unpleasant symptoms were removed."

Cincinnati, - 873,667

COL. JOSEPH H. THORNTON (Cincinnati, O.) in 1885 reported that his daughter was very much prostrated; had palpitation of the heart, intense pain in the head, nervous disorder and catarrh of the bladder. She lost fifty-five pounds. Other remedies failing, they began the use of Warner's SAFE Cure, and within three months she had gained fifty pounds in weight and was restored to good health. That was three years ago, and she is still in as good health as ever in her life. Col. Thornton, himself, was cured of Chronic Diarrhea of eighteen years standing, in 1881, by Warner's SAFE Cure.

Bal. Ohio (State), 633,158

MRS. C. B. DICKINSON (523 Locust St., Newark, O.) says, before marriage she never knew what a sick day was. After her first child was born she was everything known to woman, and for eight years was a miserable patient. Her case was indescribable. No doctor could cure her. After taking ten bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure she wrote "I feel perfectly well."

Southern States, 3,534,017

F. A. KAMLER (Lawyer, Toledo, O.), after suffering agony from gravel and calculus, made a rapid recovery under the operation of Warner's SAFE Cure.

Canada, - 1,467,824 Bal. Pacific Coast, 732,316

Every Testimonial we publish is genuine. Write to the testators, enclosing stamp for reply, and learn for yourselves.

N. O. 34960. State of Michigan. The Circuit Court for the County of Wayne.

DENNIS BRENN vs. WILLIAM H. GALLAGHER. In attachment.

Notice is hereby given that on the sixth day of November 1886, with attachment was duly made out of the Circuit Court for the County of Wayne at the suit of Dennis Brenn, above named plaintiff, against the said William H. Gallagher, defendant, a certain mortgage, to wit: A mortgage, made and executed by William H. Gallagher, defendant, for the sum of two thousand dollars, which said mortgage was returnable on the 15th day of December, 1886.

WILLIAM F. ATKINSON, Plaintiff.

Dated December 9th, 1886. 14-

AGENTS LOOK HERE

What is being done selling our Store Price Shelves. A sample of many letters.

J. E. SHEPARD & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. I am doing splendidly; took 49 orders in 3 days and to-day called at houses and sold 100 more. Please send me more; I will send you more. I am doing well. Yours truly, J. E. SHEPARD & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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SCALE OF POINTS IN JUDGING SHORTHORNS.

A correspondent at Plover, this State, asks for the publication of a scale of points for judging Shorthorns, and in compliance with his request we give the scale adopted by the Executive Committee of the State Agricultural Society for the guidance of judges at their fairs:

The numbers affixed to the points described, form the maximum that is to be allowed for each; and in proportion as the animal in an examination is deficient in any point, so will the judges decrease the number, even should nothing be allowed for that point.

Points which are characteristic, and therefore common to a breed, though very valuable in themselves, are marked comparatively low, because they are easily obtained and demand but little skill or attention on the part of the breeder. Nevertheless, an animal not possessing the characteristic of its own breed, must of necessity be almost worthless. On the other hand, it will be observed that points of less value are themselves, but which are characteristic deficiencies in the breed, are marked difficult to attain at their maximum excellence, are marked numerically high, as they go far to complete or perfect the natural excellence of the animal.

POINTS OF A SHORTHORN COW.

PEDIGREE—showing unbroken descent, on both sides, from known animals, derived from English breeds, as found in the English or American Herd Books, and without this an animal cannot compete in this class.

1 THE HEAD—small, lean and bony, tapering to the muzzle.

2 THE FACE—somewhat long, the fleshy portion of the nose of a light, delicate color.

3 THE EYE—is of great significance, and should be prominent, bright and clear—"prominent," from an accumulation of "adeps," in the back part of its socket, which indicates a tendency to lay on fat.

4 THE HORNS—light in substance, wax in color, and symmetrically set on the head; the ear large, thin, and with considerable action.

5 THE NECK—rather short than long, tapering to the head; clean in the throat, and full at its base, thus covering and filling out the points of the shoulders.

6 THE CHEST—broad from point to point of the shoulders; deep from the anterior dorsal vertebra to the floor of the sternum, and both round and full back of the elbows; sometimes designated by the phrase "thick through the heart." These are unquestionably the most important points in every animal, as constitution must depend on their perfect development, and the ample room thus afforded for the free action of the heart and lungs.

7 THE BRISKET—however deep or projecting, must not be confounded with capacity of chest; for though a very attractive and selling point, it in reality adds nothing to the space within, however it may increase the girth without. It is, in fact, nothing more nor less than a muscular adipose substance, attached to the anterior portion of the sternum, or breast bone, and thence extending itself back.

8 THE BACK, LOIN AND HIPS—should be broad and wide, forming a straight back, even line from the neck to the setting on of the tail, the hips or hocks round and well covered.

9 THE RUMP—laid up high, with plenty of flesh on the exterior.

10 THE PELVIS—should be large, as indicated by the width of the hips (as already mentioned) and the breadth of the twist.

11 THE TWIST—should be so well filled out in its "seam" as to form nearly an even wide twist between the thighs.

12 THE QUARTERS—long, straight and well developed downwards.

13 THE CARCASS—round, the ribs nearly circular, and extending well back to the flanks—deep, wide, and full, in proportion to condition.

14 THE LEGS—short, straight, and standing square with the body.

15 THE FLATS—of the belly strong, and thus preserving nearly a straight under line.

16 THE TAIL—flat and broad at its root, but fine in its cord, and placed high up, on a level with the rumps.

17 THE CARRIAGE—of an animal gives style and beauty; the walk should be square and the step quick; the head up.

18 THE FLANKS—deep, wide, and full, in proportion to condition.

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Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, Veterinary Surgeon. Professional advice through the columns of the Michigan Farmer to all regular subscribers free. The full name and address will be necessary that we may identify them as subscribers. The symptoms should be accurately described to ensure correct treatment. No questions answered professionally by mail, unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. Private address, No. 301 2nd St., Detroit, Mich.

Indurating Tumor on Horse's Sheath.

ST. LOUIS, JANUARY 10, 1887.
VETERINARY EDITOR OF THE MICHIGAN FARMER.

In your answer to "Swelled Sheath" in last week's FARMER, you ask if the swelling leaves an impression of the fingers when pressed? It does not. Thewelling is only on the left side, at the end of the sheath, and when swollen very hard, and is about the size of a goose egg. The horse was never sick a minute in his life, is a very hearty eater, digests his food well, is in good condition, coat sleek and soft. Drive him about 24 miles every day hauling wood, the swelling all disappears after driving a few miles, but only appears again after standing over night. Am feeding timothy and clover hay, with six quarts of corn and oats ground, three times a day. This is as perfect a description I am able to give. Please answer.

CONSTANT REDDER.

Answer.—In feeding the animal omit the clover and corn. Give timothy hay and good clean oats to eat; see that he is well provided with salt—an excellent alternative, often better than medicine as a preventive of disease. Apply to the enlargement once a day the following: Iodine of lead, one part; vasaline, eight parts; mix well together for use. Give moderate exercise only.

Ventral Hernia in a Colt.

MATHEWSON, JAN. 8th, 1887.
VETERINARY EDITOR OF THE MICHIGAN FARMER.

I have a colt that was foaled the 24th of last May, and about the first of September I noticed that it had a rupture about the size of the ball of a man's thumb, just back of the navel. Can it be cured, and how?

A READER.

Answer.—The rupture in the abdominal region in your colt, having become chronic, calls for the assistance of a competent veterinary surgeon to treat it understandingly.

When a rupture in an animal so young first occurs, it may be reduced by the proper application of compresses; but in a case of long standing the torn tissues have long since healed, hence the application of compresses of no use. The knife in the hands of a skillful veterinary surgeon is probably the only means left for its successful reduction; that question, however, we leave for the surgeon after personal examination to determine.

Over Secretion of Saliva, Probably due to Dentition.

HOLLY, JAN. 7th, 1887.
VETERINARY EDITOR OF THE MICHIGAN FARMER.

Being a reader of the FARMER, I thought I would write to find out what ails my steer. He is three years old, and in good health in the winter. I keep him in the barn, and his feed is hay and ground feed mostly; but he slavers all the time. Can you tell me what to do for him, and oblige.

A READER.

Answer.—In the absence of disease in an animal so young, excessive accumulation of saliva is due to the process of dentition, causing irritation of the gums, etc. Examine the animal's mouth carefully, and if you find soreness of the gums, or perhaps a deciduous or milk tooth hanging loose, pull it out, which you can often do with your fingers. The cause removed, the saliva ceases to secrete in unnatural quantities. If, however, the gums should be inflamed or sore, bathe the tender parts with the following solution: Tincture of myrrh, one part; soft water, three parts. This may be repeated if necessary two or three times a day.

Follicular Disease of the Mane.

CLAYTON, MICH., JAN. 15, 1887.
VETERINARY EDITOR MICHIGAN FARMER.

I have a bay mare three years old last spring. I began working her in August and when I would harness her and put her in the stable she would rub her mane very badly. It was very heavy, but she has rubbed it all out. I cannot see anything the matter with the roots, and she rubs it some how. Is there anything I can do to stop it, or is it a skin disease?

A READER.

Answer.—From your brief description of symptoms, we are inclined to believe the trouble with your mare is due to some abnormal condition of the hair follicles, or bulbs, due probably to inflammation or some other morbid condition not made plain by your description. Try the following and report to us the result: Oil Racin, half a pint; proof spirits, four ounces; aqua ammonia, half an ounce. Mix well together. Wash the part clean with castile soap and water, then rub dry and apply the solution once a day. If the animal is in a plethoric condition, give the following: Aloes, castor, oil, ounces; zingeb, root, pulp, one ounce. Mix and divide into twelve powders; give one in the feed (omitting corn), or mix with water to a paste and smear on the tongue, night and morning.

Entirely True.

Ever since the Michigan Central Railroad was built it has been a favorite with the traveling public, because its roadbed was smooth, its cars elegant, and its service admirable, but since the road built a new bridge across the Niagara river below the falls, and a station, called Falls View, right beside the horse-shoe falls, everybody wants to go that way. Many people cannot stop at Niagara Falls, from one train to another and they never could see enough of the Falls from the old bridge to amount to anything, but now, by the new "Falls Route" of the Michigan Central, they can stand on a high bluff for ten minutes, right above the seething, boiling cauldron, and see more of the falls in that time than they could to stop over for a day. From "Falls View" station the Michigan Central gives its passengers the most beautiful view to be seen on this earth. There may be more beautiful views on some other earth, but no railroad runs there yet.—Puck's Sun.

Certain of the men engaged in the St. Louis express robbery declare the entire innocence of Fotheringham, the express messenger, Witrock, the one who planned the robbery,

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

At the Michigan Central Yards.
Saturday, Jan. 15, 1887.

CATTLE.

The offerings of cattle at these yards numbered 327 head, against 761 last week. The trains were all delayed, and the stock came struggling in hours behind time. No one had any idea what the receipts of cattle would be, and this kept the market strong, and steady. Had the receipts all got here on time, it is a question whether the market would have held up. However, the circumstances were such that sellers realized fully as high prices as those ruling last week. The following were closing quotations:

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, JAN. 17, 1887.

FLOUR—Market steady at unchanged prices. Quotations are as follows:

Michigan, good process.....\$5 00 @ \$5 25
Michigan, extra process.....\$5 25 @ \$5 50
Michigan, best process.....\$5 50 @ \$5 75
Michigan, No. 1.....\$5 75 @ \$6 00
Michigan, No. 2.....\$6 00 @ \$6 25
Michigan, No. 3.....\$6 25 @ \$6 50
Michigan, No. 4.....\$6 50 @ \$6 75
Michigan, No. 5.....\$6 75 @ \$7 00
Michigan, No. 6.....\$7 00 @ \$7 25
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Michigan, No. 200.....\$55 50 @ \$55 75
Michigan, No. 201.....\$55 75 @ \$56 00
Michigan, No. 202.....\$56 00 @ \$56 25
Michigan, No. 203.....\$56 25 @ \$56 50
Michigan, No. 204.....\$56 50 @ \$56 75
Michigan, No. 205.....\$56 75 @ \$57 00
Michigan, No. 206.....\$57 00 @ \$57 25
Michigan, No. 207.....\$57 25 @ \$57 50
Michigan, No. 208.....\$57 50 @ \$57 75
Michigan, No. 209.....\$57 75 @ \$58 00
Michigan, No. 210.....\$58 00 @ \$58 25
Michigan, No. 211.....\$58 25 @ \$58 50
Michigan, No. 212.....\$58 50 @ \$58 75
Michigan, No. 213.....\$58 75 @ \$59 00
Michigan, No. 214.....\$59 00 @ \$59 25
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Michigan, No. 220.....\$60 50 @ \$60 75
Michigan, No. 221.....\$60 75 @ \$61 00
Michigan, No. 222.....\$61 00 @ \$61 25
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Michigan, No. 224.....\$61 50 @ \$61 75
Michigan, No. 225.....\$61 75 @ \$62 00
Michigan, No. 226.....\$62 00 @ \$62 25
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Michigan, No. 228.....\$62 50 @ \$62 75
Michigan, No. 229.....\$62 75 @ \$63 00
Michigan, No. 230.....\$63 00 @ \$63 25
Michigan, No. 231.....\$63 25 @ \$63 50
Michigan, No. 232.....\$63 50 @ \$63 75
Michigan, No. 233.....\$63 75 @ \$64 00
Michigan, No. 234.....\$64 00 @ \$64 25
Michigan, No. 235.....\$64 25 @ \$64 50
Michigan, No. 236.....\$64 50 @ \$64 75
Michigan, No. 237.....\$64 75 @ \$65 00
Michigan, No. 238.....\$65 00 @ \$65 25
Michigan, No. 239.....\$65 25 @ \$65 50
Michigan, No. 240.....\$65 50 @ \$65 75
Michigan, No. 241.....\$65 75 @ \$66 00
Michigan, No. 242.....\$66 00 @ \$66 25
Michigan, No. 243.....\$66 25 @ \$66 50
Michigan, No. 244.....\$66 50 @ \$66 75
Michigan, No. 245.....\$66 75 @ \$67 00
Michigan, No. 246.....\$67 00 @ \$67 25
Michigan, No. 247.....\$67 25 @ \$67 50
Michigan, No. 248.....\$67 50 @ \$67 75
Michigan, No. 249.....\$67 75 @ \$68 00
Michigan, No. 250.....\$68 00 @ \$68 25
Michigan, No. 251.....\$68 25 @ \$68 50
Michigan, No. 252.....\$68 50 @ \$68 75
Michigan, No. 253.....\$68 75 @ \$69 00
Michigan, No. 254.....\$69 00 @ \$69 25
Michigan, No. 255.....\$69 25 @ \$69 50
Michigan, No. 256.....\$69 50 @ \$69 75
Michigan, No. 257.....\$69 75 @ \$70 00
Michigan, No. 258.....\$70 00 @ \$70 25
Michigan, No. 259.....\$70 25 @ \$70 50
Michigan, No. 260.....\$70 50 @ \$70 75
Michigan, No. 261.....\$70 75 @ \$71 00
Michigan, No. 262.....\$71 00 @ \$71 25
Michigan, No. 263.....\$71 25 @ \$71 50
Michigan, No. 264.....\$71 50 @ \$71 75
Michigan, No. 265.....\$71 75 @ \$72 00
Michigan, No. 266.....\$72 00 @ \$72 25
Michigan, No. 267.....\$72 25 @ \$72 50
Michigan, No. 268.....\$72 50 @ \$72 75
Michigan, No. 269.....\$72 75 @ \$73 00
Michigan, No. 270.....\$73 00 @ \$73 25
Michigan, No. 271.....\$73 25 @ \$73 50
Michigan, No. 272.....\$73 50 @ \$73 75
Michigan, No. 273.....\$73 75 @ \$74 00
Michigan, No. 274.....\$74 00 @ \$74 25
Michigan, No. 275.....